IT·IS·NOT·THE·WILL·OF·YOUR FATHER·WHICH·IS·IN·HEAVEN·

THE CHILD AT HOME.

·THAT·ONE·OF·THESE·LITTLE ·ONES·SHOULD·PERISH·

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ON THE WATER.

ON THE WATER.

LAST summer I was once in a little boat on the Hudson River, in the evening. The sun was setting in the west, and the clouds were brilliant with the gorgeous colors that we often see at such a time. The wind blew a little and made the water rough. The great steamers were passing from New York towards Albany, and their great wheels stirred up the waves into prolonged "swells." These waves were under me, and I could not help thinking that there was only the half-inch side of the little boat between me and them; I could not help thinking of what would happen if a strong wave were to upset the boat.

Whenever I moved, the oarsman told me to be still, for the boat was "cranky." By cranky, I suppose he meant that the boat was easily upset. I am not accustomed to being in cranky boats, and so, instead of looking at the charming scenery, I was all the while watching myself and trying to be careful. Do we not often act just so in life about other affairs? Are we not too anxious about the things of earth, when we ought to be thinking of the glories of heaven? The next time I go in a boat I shall try to enjoy it more, by thinking less of tipping over. I ought to have been careful, but not too anxious.

Mr. Joseph and his family, in the pleasure boat, are not anxious, but are just as happy as they can be. Look at them. They are on a calm river, and there is no danger. I think this is one of the best pictures we have had for a long time. It may make some of you think of last summer as well as it did me.

SET THE WILL RIGHT.

BY MRS. H. E. BROWN.

SARAH WILDER and her mother were walking home from church together.

"Mother," asked the little girl, "did you notice one thing Dr. M—— said to-day? He said it twice, and I couldn't help thinking of you."

"What was it, my daughter?"

"He said, 'Take notice, if you leave a child to have his own way, it will be his certain destruction.'"

"And you couldn't help thinking of me? Didn't you think of yourself at all, daughter?" said her mother, smiling.

"Well, yes, I thought of both; and itwas kind of funny that it should come to-day, because those were the very words you used this morning."

"And don't you believe them, Sarah?"

"I suppose I must, but I don't want to, for I do so like to have my own way, I can't bear to have anybody tell me I must do this, and mustn't do that."

"Well, dear, you *can* have your own way; I have not the slightest objection."

"Why, mother! what do you mean?"

"I mean that you may indeed have your own way, and do 'just as you have a mind to,' as you express it, if you will only have a mind to do right always."

"Ah, yes; but"—

"But that is not your idea, I suppose. You want the liberty to do wrong sometimes, is that it? But you will have to go higher than father or mother, Sarah, and ask God for that liberty. Will you dare to do that?"

"Oh, mother!"

"You see, dear, where you stand. The trouble is, your will is set wrong. It is a selfish, sinful will, and so whenever father or I restrain and direct you, you chafe, and resist, and sometimes rebel; and that makes you unhappy. Now let your will be set right — toward God and goodness — and all will go smoothly. There will be no more need of restraint and reproof from us, and consequently no chafing. You will be happy because you will be doing every day 'just as you have a mind to,' that is, God's will."

"But how can that come, mother?"

"By the new birth, my child; in no other way. The will must be reversed; the heart must be changed; you must be made a new creature. This good work God will do for you at any time when you will go to Him, and sincerely and earnestly ask Him. Do you not think it would be well for you to do so at once?"

The child was silent; the mother prayed earnestly in her heart that the Holy Spirit, who was evidently striving with the little girl, would perfect his work, and lead her into the full and joyful liberty of the children of God.

DON'T BE COWARDS.

"I WON'T tell a lie! I won't be such a coward!" said a fine little fellow, when he had broken a little statuette of his father's in showing it to his playmates, and they were telling him how he could deceive his father and escape a scolding. He was right. Cowards tell lies; brave little boys tell the truth. So Charlie Mann was right, and was rewarded for it, as the following story will show:—

A young offender, whose name was Charlie Mann, broke a large pane of glass in a chemist's shop, and ran away at first, for he was slightly frightened; but he quickly began to think, "What am I running for? It was an accident; why not turn about and tell the truth?"

No sooner thought than done. Charlie was a brave boy; he told the whole truth — how the ball with which he was playing slipped out of his hand, how frightened he was, how sorry, too, at the mischief done, and how willing to pay, if he had the money.

Charlie did not have the money, but he could work, and to work he went at once in the very shop where he broke the glass. It took him a long time to pay for the large and expensive pane he had shattered, but when it was done he had so endeared himself to the chemist by his fidelity and truthfulness, that he would not hear of his going away, and Charlie became his clerk. "Ah, what a good day it was when I broke that window," he used to say.

"No, Charlie," his mother would respond, "what a good day it was when you were not afraid to tell the truth!"

"THAT'S HOW."

AFTER a great snow-storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along. "By keeping at it," said the boy, cheerfully. "That's how."

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or how hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment in fretting; do not lose breath in saying, "I can't," or "I don't see how;" but go at it, and keep at it — study. That is the only way to conquer it.

If a fault is cured or a bad habit broken up, it cannot be done by merely being sorry, or only crying a little. You must keep fighting until it is got rid of.

If you have entered your Master's service and are trying to be good, you will sometimes find hills of difficulty in the way. Things will often look discouraging, and you will not seem to make any progress at all; but keep at it. Never forget "That's how."

THE NEST IN THE HAT BOX.

THE NEST IN THE HAT BOX.

IT seems, if poetry be true, that a mouse made a nest in "mamma's best bonnet," and that the cats all tried in vain to catch it. There were five cats, and yet the mouse escaped from them. Did you never think that sometimes several boys or girls try to do a thing and fail, when any one of them could have done it alone, without difficulty. I think one of these cats would have caught the mouse, if she had been alone. Suppose you think of this when you are making plans for work.

I made such a mistake once. I had some writing to do, and a friend asked me to go into the country with him, and do it. I went, but came back without doing the writing I had planned to do. There are many things that we can only do alone. I shall not tell you much about them now, but wish you would think of them. And thinking is itself one of the things we can best do when no one is with us.

The affairs of our hearts we can attend to best alone, or when only God is with us.

EDITH AND ALICE.

BY HELEN ROGERS.

"WELL, I don't care; I think you are just as mean as you can be!"

"Mean! oh dear me! who began it, I should like to know?"

"You did!"

"What a story; I didn't either!"

"I say you did! and you are so awful selfish that I never will play with you again as long as I live."

This is what I heard as I sat sewing in my room a short time ago. Do you think the words came from the two ragged little boys who were underneath the open window? Oh no! *they* were playing marbles, upon the pavement, as good-naturedly as though there was no such thing as strife in the world. The speakers were two little girls in white dresses and bright sashes, and both had golden, wavy hair which fell to their waists. They were in the next room, and I stepped to the door and looked in. Dear me, what would the lady who, only yesterday, said they had angelic faces, have thought if she had seen them then! Every feature was so distorted by passion that they looked much more like two little furies than they did like angels.

This was the way it happened. Edith was spending a few days with her cousin Alice, and this afternoon they were having a dolls' tea-party. The table was spread with china banded with green and gold. Then there were cakes, biscuits, and tarts, all of the tiniest sort, and a beautiful box of confectionery that Uncle Robert had given them that very morning. For some time everything seemed to pass off well, and they were as gay as larks; but presently, Alice took up the empty candy box — every one of the dolls must have had a sweet tooth to-day, I think — and said, "Isn't this pretty? I am going to keep my ribbons in it."

"Why, how came it to be yours?" asked Edith.

"Oh! it belongs to me as much as it does to anybody."

"But Uncle Robert gave it to both of us, and I don't think you have any right to claim it."

"Yes, I have too; I spoke for it first."

"Well, if you have the box I shall have the lid, so there!"

Thus the petty quarrel went on, and just as I reached the door Alice tossed the lid over to Edith, at the same time saying, spitefully, "Take the old lid then, but don't ever come to see me any more!"

They both looked a little ashamed when they saw me.

"What can you do with the lid, Edith?" I inquired.

"I can keep it; there is a picture on it," she answered, hanging down her head.

"And do you think that the box, or the lid, will give either of you pleasure enough to outweigh the harsh words you have spoken?"

"Well, Alice isn't willing to do anything for me," said Edith, sniffing a little; "when *I* have company I let them do whatever they like, and give them lots of things besides."

"*I* never had any company before that cried and called names if they couldn't always have their own way," returned Alice, beginning to sniff in her turn.

"Now, children," said I, "do you not see how silly and wrong all this is? You have been very happy during the week which you have spent together, and your friends have done everything in their power to make the time pass pleasantly. You have had picnics and rides, croquet parties and sails. Think how much you enjoyed them all! now are you going to let this miserable quarrel spoil everything?"

There was a moment of silence; then Edith said, "I'm sure the lid will not be of any use to me. Alice can have it if she cares for it."

"No, you take the box," said Alice, "I have plenty more."

"I should be ashamed to keep it after getting so cross over it," replied Edith, the ugly frown clearing away from her face.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1873.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

EASY TO GO WRONG.

I WAS riding in the horse-car from Boston to Cambridge. There was a man asleep in a corner. He appeared to have come from Cambridge, and yet he was now going back. His breath was scented with spirits. As fast as the horses could they carried us onward, and yet the man slept. A mile from the terminus the conductor came for our tickets. The man in the corner still slept. The conductor waked the sleeper and demanded a ticket.

Then came an explanation, and the man complained that the conductor had not told him to get out before he turned to go back. The conductor said he did cry loudly to all to get out, and did not notice that any remained in the car. The man then got out quickly, but he had gone a good way wrong, and had a long, hot walk back again.

How easy it was for him to go astray! He only had to sleep, and make no effort. I think it is so a good many times in life. Let us be lazy, or sleepy, or idle, or negligent, and we are soon in the wrong way. I intend to remember this sleepy man in the horse-car. Let us all remember him, and look out that we do not omit what is right, and thus really do what is wrong.

IT is near the time when we think what papers we shall take for 1874, and the editor of THE CHILD AT HOME wishes to ask all of his good friends to try to get greater clubs and more of them next year. We shall try to make the paper as good as we can.

LOOK out for "The New Year: The National Family Almanac," for it will soon be published, and we hope it will be liked better than ever before.

SOME who see THE CHILD AT HOME may not know that THE CHRISTIAN BANNER which we publish, has a department of *Bible Recreation*, and also stories for *Our Children*. It costs fifty cents a year.

"I was just as cross as you," answered Alice, and I began to fear that this second question would be as difficult to settle as the first.

"Oh, I'll tell you!" exclaimed Edith suddenly; "let us give it to Barbara, that little German girl who gave us such a long string of raspberries this morning!"

"Oh! yes, that will be splendid," replied Alice. "I wished we had something for her. I will fill up the box with those mites of cakes, and then we will put on our hats and go in search of her."

A short time after this I saw the cousins returning, and, as they came up the steps, heard Edith say, —

"Well, I guess if you and I had to iron in a hot kitchen, and take care of a cross baby besides, while our mothers went out working, we should think that little girls who had nothing to do but play and have a good time, were pretty silly to get angry and quarrel over an empty candy box."

"And so they are," laughed Alice.

"Yes; so they are," echoed I, "but if, when they have committed a fault, they will only confess it frankly one to another, they heal a little bruise which might have become a grievous wound."

A SONG TO BRING SLEEP.

Two little eyes,
Two little lips,
Two little hands,
Two little feet:
What shall we ask for them all?

Two little eyes,
Blue, blue,
Blue as the azure deep of the skies,
Now so roguish, now wondrous wise,
Solemn and funny all in a twink,
Changing and changing with every wink.
What shall we ask for these little eyes?

Open them, Lord,
To see, in thy word,
Wondrous things:
Light them in love,
And shade them above
With angels' wings.

Two little lips,
Red, red,
Red as the flamy coral-tips,
Sweet as the rose the wild bee sips,
Singing and prattling all day long,
And kissing and coaxing with witchery strong.
What shall we ask for these little lips?

From thine altar, Lord, above,
Touch these lips with fire of love;
Pure, pure, let them be,
Speaking holy melodies
Out of a holy heart that rise
Warm, bright, up to Thee.

Two little hands!
Busy, busy,
Busy as bird, and busy as bee,
Gathering "funny things" for me,
Weaving webs, and "building a house
Just the size for a wee, wee mouse."
What shall we ask for these little hands?

Lord, with wisdom filled,
Teach these little hands to build
Thine own temple:
Let them skillful be, —
Cunning to work for Thee,
By thine example.

Two little feet!
Nimble, nimble,
Trot-foot and Light-foot, oh! what a pair,
Now here, now there, now everywhere;
Running of errands, dancing in glee,
Skipping and jumping merrily!
What shall we ask for these little feet?

Lead them a blessed pilgrimage,
From childhood through to saintly age,
Dear Lord, we pray;
Hold them a light in the dim, dark night,
And out of the narrow path of the right
Ne'er let them stray!
Two little eyes, — closed!
Two little lips, — shut!
Two little hands, — clasped!
Two little feet, — still.
God give my darling pleasant dreams!

Congregationalist.

THE FISHERMAN'S SON.

A GENTLEMAN, walking on the beach, came across a little boy sitting on the shore all by himself, looking out on the great ocean.

"You like the sea, my boy, do you not?"

"Yes, sir; and I hope to follow it when I get bigger."

"It is a hard life, besides being dangerous," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir; but Jesus Christ went to sea, and He knows the dangers; and sometimes He preached out of a ship. I am sure He loves sailors," said the boy.

"But that will not hinder you from meeting with storms, and perhaps getting shipwrecked."

"Jesus Christ rules the winds and the waves. He stopped a storm once."

"He does not now," said the gentleman.

"No, sir; but He will help us to trust in Him; and if we hold on to Him nothing can much harm us," said the boy.

"You might be drowned."

"Yes, sir." The boy stopped. "But, you know, my soul would then fly up to God; and it is all fair weather up there."

"Why, my little man, you are quite a preacher," said the gentleman.

"Father and I often talk these things over," said the little boy; "and when he is out fishing, and leaves me all alone at home, they are company for me."

"The sweet, quiet, happy face of the little fellow pleased me," said the gentleman; "and I felt that he had the best of company."

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.

MY DEAR PAPA, — If you please, will you let me join Mr. ——'s church? I mean, dear papa, to become a member, and profess that I love the Lord Jesus, because He has loved me and died for me, and borne all the punishment of my sins; and He has promised to save me and take me to heaven when I die; and He has also promised to be with me every day, and teach me what is right, and make me a good little girl; and I believe He can do all He has promised, and that He will, because the Bible says so, and I know it. You will let me, won't you, papa?

"Your loving little daughter, ALICE."

The above beautiful letter was written some months ago by a dear little girl who had heard two or three short, simple addresses about the great love of the Lord Jesus Christ for children, as well as for men and women.

How many of our dear readers can say, "I love the Lord Jesus"? — *Selected.*

CONTENTED NORAH.

YOU see her in the picture, and there is her house. The house has no chimney, but instead, a piece of stove-pipe appears above the roof. Most of us would call her home a "shanty," and would find it very uncomfortable to live in.

Look at Norah a moment: she has no hat, no shoes nor stockings; and her dress is torn and patched. Can such a girl be contented? Look again. She has a doll, and a "flower bed." The doll is made of a crooknecked squash, with a face rudely carved on it, and with sticks for arms and legs! The flowers are daisies and violets that she has planted herself. She is as happy as she can be. She tries to make as much of her squash doll as she can, and is thankful for what she has.

It is not owning nice things that makes people contented or happy. It is not wishing for them. It is trying to be thankful for what we have because God has given it to us. If we only remember that God directs everything, and that He is good and loving, and if we try to do his will, we need never be discontented or unhappy. Solomon said, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Let us pray for them both.

CONTENTED NORAH.

SIT DOWN BY MOTHER.

BY MARY P. HALE.

YES, I know it is a sad disappointment, dear, that you cannot go to Clintondale, to-day, and you will have to wait a whole week, which seems a long time; but come, get your playthings and sit down by mother, and we will have a nice time together."

But the small figure at the window did not move, and the tearful eyes continued to look out upon the drizzling rain, and although the pouty lips did not speak audibly, this time, they still continued to mutter, "I don't see why it need to rain to-day." Rosa had been disappointed, and it seemed as if she felt determined not to be pleased.

But there was one who sat near — a young girl in deep mourning — upon whose heart the words, "Sit down by mother," fell with a power inexpressible. They caused a pang there, and awakened memories so painful that her eyes filled with tears. "Oh," thought she, "if I could only hear those words from the lips of *my* mother, once more? And yet, how often, when bent upon some other enjoyment, it was a hardship to sit down by her. What would I not give for one hour with her now!"

She rose and went to her room; for she felt she could only relieve her full heart by weeping aloud. Afterwards a sacred calm stole over her, and she seemed to hear a gracious voice, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden." So

she told the blessed Saviour her sorrows, and asked for grace to be cheerful and submissive. Then an answer seemed to come to her, "My grace is sufficient for thee. My strength is made perfect in weakness."

She dried her tears and felt comforted, and was about to go down-stairs again, when a gentle tap was heard at her door. It was her cousin Rosa, who said, —

"Oh, Alice dear, do come down. It is lonely without you. I won't grieve any more. I have made you feel bad, I know, by leaving you all to yourself;" for she had seen the tears in her cousin's eyes as she left the room.

"No, dear Rosa, it was not that which grieved me — but it made me think — I mean aunty's words made me think so much of" —

She could not finish the sentence with the sacred words, "my mother," for her feelings overcame her again. But soon recovering herself, she added, "You see, dear Rosa, it would be such a happiness to me, now, if I could only hear my mother say, 'Come and sit down by me,' as yours did just now."

"Oh, I see," said Rosa, a little embarrassed; "I did not understand before."

"No, dear, and it is not strange. You can never know this grief till you go down in the morning and find no mother to greet you; and when you go to bed at night, no mother to come and bend over you and kiss you; and when you return home after absence, no mother to welcome you; and your heart aches so painfully to think, my dear mother is lying beneath the churchyard turf."

Tears came to Rosa's eyes and she said, "Oh, have I been so thoughtless?"

"Nay, dear," replied Alice, "I did not mean to reprove you. I was only thinking how much more I would make of my mother, if I only had her now — how I would run to *do anything* she asked, or watch to see if there was anything I could do without being asked; but, oh, I did not do so then — and here is the sorrow. I mean it pains me so now, to think of all I might have done to make her happy; and so it would you, dear Rosa, if your mother were lying in her grave."

Rosa kissed Alice, and rushing out of the room to the spot where she had left her mother, she hugged and kissed her, saying, —

"My own darling mamma, I've come to stay by you; I never knew before — I mean — there's poor Alice up-stairs — oh, I can't tell you, mamma; but I'm *so* glad that I have you still, and that you are not buried like Aunt Rosa! Oh, it is such a grief to Alice — she does looks so pitiful. She looks so white, and her dress so black."

Notwithstanding the broken language, it did not take the mother long to divine the whole story, and returning her daughter's caresses, she said, "You have now made me happy, darling. Call Alice, and we will have a game of graces together, in the large hall; for she cannot go out to-day, and needs something enlivening."

Rosa "turned over a new leaf" from that time, in regard to thoughtful attention to mother.

CHERRIES OF HAMBURG.

YOU will find the city of Hamburg in the north of Germany. It is a very important city. About three hundred years ago it was in great trouble, for a war broke out and an army came and surrounded the city. The people could not get out, but they had a supply of provisions, and hoped that peace would come before they should have eaten all they had.

The citizens attacked the enemy once in a while, but gained no advantage. The army outside was at last in great trouble, for the streams dried up, and as the season was hot, they were much afflicted by thirst.

There lived in Hamburg a man who owned a vast orchard of cherry-trees. He gathered together three hundred children, caused them to be dressed in white, and, giving each one a branch from one of his loaded trees, sent them out to the enemy. When the general saw them coming he suspected some stratagem, and was very angry, until he saw that the wan and weary children were on an errand of peace, and carried something that would do his thirsty soldiers good. Then he took pity on the people of Hamburg, sent them provisions, and made peace with them.

Since then there is a festival called the "Feast of Cherries" every year, during which the children, dressed in white, march through the streets bearing boughs upon which the people tie cherries. The feast makes them remember that mild means will sometimes accomplish what force cannot, which is a very good lesson for us to remember.

Did you ever see a stone-cutter split a huge rock? He does it by many slight blows upon small wedges that are placed in holes that have previously been drilled. That process also shows the power of feeble means. Hard blows might crush the rock, but would not split it properly. It is generally the apparently insignificant, and often unseen forces that accomplish the mighty works of the land.

CHERRIES OF HAMBURG.

I read the other day of a man who wished to raise a huge bridge that spanned an arm of the sea. It was a difficult undertaking. How do you suppose he did it? Not with great derricks, and steam engines. No. At low tide he floated some strong scows under the bridge, and the tide, when it came in, gently raised the great structure to its place! Could we have a better example of quiet and simple means doing a great work?

BIBLE RECREATIONS.

BIBLE SCENE.

UPON one of the mountains not far distant from Jerusalem, a very rich man and his wife lived. The man is described as churlish and wicked, while his wife is called wise and beautiful. It is shearing time, and all the servants are engaged in cutting the wool from three thousand sheep.

When the king of Jerusalem hears that the work is being carried on, he sends ten young men to the mountain with expressions of good-will, and asking that the favor of this rich man towards them and their king may be shown by his presenting them with gifts.

However, on their arrival, they are received in a most ungracious manner, and any favors scornfully denied. The result of the mission is made known to the king, who commands four hundred of his men to take up arms and prepare to avenge this insult to royalty.

In the mean time, the rich man's wife learns of the danger that threatens herself and husband, and forms a plan by which she trusts it may be averted. As the king and his retinue approach, she hastens to meet them, bearing an abundance of wine and fruits as peace-offerings. Alighting from the ass, in the most humble tones she beseeches pardon for her house, also foretelling peace and prosperity to the king, if he refrains from shedding innocent blood. In answer, the king invokes blessings upon her, receives her gifts, and promises that no harm from him shall befall her house.

When the wife returns home, she is about to impart to her husband the news of the day's happy ending, but finds him so overcome with wine after a noisy feast, that she is obliged to wait until the following day. Then, however, he is conscience-stricken, and in the words of the Bible, "He became as a stone."

In ten days from this time the Lord "smote him that he died." When the king heard of his enemy's death, he took the widow for his own wife.

Where in the Bible is the above event described?

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 11, 4, 8, 10, is a purifier.

My 16, 7, 22, is one retired from the world.

My 19, 25, 9, 14, 15, 17, is a common article in use in both ancient and modern times.

My 3, 6, 13, is an animal.

My 2, 23, is a king.

My 20, 21, 18, 24, is reserved for the weary.

My 1, 12, 22, is a modern weapon of war.

My 5, 15, 4, 16, 24, 5, surround the throne of God.

My whole is part of a verse in the Psalms.

ACROSTIC.

My first is an ancient race.

My second is the name of one to whom one of the Proverbs is addressed.

My third is the name of an officer.

My fourth is a precious metal.

My fifth was a plague.

My sixth was a class of people mentioned in Acts.

My seventh was a force raised by Solomon.

My eighth is said to open deep wounds.

The initials of the above form the name of an event that awaits us all.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

Names of Animals. Horse. Cow. Ass. Mule Camel. Goat. Kid. Ram. Lamb. Lion. Bear. Calf.

Enigma. They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.

Acrostic. *Zerubbabel.* Zion. Eldad. Raisins. Urim. Boaz. Bethel. Asp. Belshazzar. Eshcol. Locusts.

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